FARMER JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

I mout as well acknowledge, 'taint no use o' I've done a beap o' thinkin', plowin'up this faller An' suthin's been a painin' an' achin' me like I reckened 'twas dysnepsy or malary ersepin' in.

At last I got my dander up, an' to myself, see I.
The biggest fooi in nature him that tells bisself
a lie;
I've been lettin' on 'tis malary, an' my stummick, when I know
It's my conscience that's a hurt n' an' worryin'
me so

I've been a shirkin' this here thing for thirty An' I orto had this shakin' up an' settin' down afore, I've been honest, fur as payin' goes, not a penny do I owe. But the kind o' cheatin' that I done was the kind that didn't show.

My mind goes back to Hanner, when I fetched her here a bride—
No apple bloom was sweeter, an' she nussled to
my side
Like she thought she had a right to, an' could For the love I never hinted at for more'n thirty

There was churnin', bakin', bilin', there was nussin' an' the rest, From long afore the sun riz 'till he alumbered in the west,
An' when the rest of us was done, an' lollin'
'round on cheers,
Hanner was recuperatin' with her needle an' her

But when the life was obbin' from that faithful, patient heart, I had to face the musi —I hadn't dene my part; An' I couldn't help a thinkin', watchin' out that weary life, That there's other ways o' killin' 'xcept a pistol

It sounds like sacriligion, but I knew just what she meaut.

As I whispered, "Fly to meet me when my airthly life is spent"— "I'm tired, John, so tired, but I've allus done my hest,
An' I may feel more like flyin' when I've had a spell o' rest."
-Amy Hamilton, in Exchange.

ONE OCTOBER MORNING.

A Story of Old Quebec. BY WM. H. S. ATKINSON.



N the Province of Old Quebec, deephidden in the recesses of the mountains, lies the prim little ont-of-theworld village of Jacques Cartier, with its tiny church. its weather - worn

wooden crucifixes, and its short-petti-I resided for many years, although it was a very poor place for a do tor, and I grew to really love the sleepy old place, togesther with the simple, genial French thrust so far into the background of Ma-people and half-breeds who lived there. rie's thoughts and affections. Very little variation entered into the

about as good-looking as any of the boys within a horseback ride of Jacques Cartier, and as he drove a fairly gool team and "owned land," Marie had promised to capped gossips of the St. Emiliar decided that it was a fitting match.

Yes, Marie was very pretty-and so thought a stranger who approached Jacques Cartier from the mountain-side

one summer afternoon. The girl was standing under one of the old gnarled apple-trees in the orchard, Such a lovely rounded form-even though it was only covered by an oft-washed cotbair and fair young face. As the stranger drew near he fully imbibed and thoroughly appreciated the beauties of the picture, for he was somewhat of an artist and beenly alive to all things beautiful. But he was so much engrossed in the pleasant center-piece of the picture that he did not notice when a breeze from off the mounhis horse; nor was be prepared for the whispered many unkind things, while frightened plunge of the animal, who none of the virtuous villagers went near reared so suddenly as to instantly throw the cottage any more. his preoccupied rider. It was not much of a fall, but the stranger's leg was fractured, and Paul Gambier and his daughter carried the young man into their house, where I attended him in my professional

The stranger's name was Walter Penrith. a New York man, who had been traveling through the woods and valleys of Quebec in search of health and pleasure. He was wealthy, and when he discovered that he could not be moved from his couch for many weeks, he ordered luxuries of all kinds from the great metropolis, until the cottage home was piled to overflowing with rare books, wines, fruits, etc., while none but the finest cigars came for Monsieur Gambier's especial use.

Before long costly presents began to arrive for Marie, and-well, it was only an oft-told tale. Not only were the presents brought to bear upon Marie, but Penrith himself, who was, without doubt, one of the most fascinating men I ever met, brought his powerful personal magnetism into play, and Marie Garabier soon learned Pourith, and loved him truly. Indeed. she loved him so well, and for himself alone, that after she had known Penrith a coated housewives. At Jacques Carties | month she would have cared for the man just as much had he never given her another present—had he suddenly become poorer than simple Jean Contellier, now

ture and the fine arts as Marie herself-a member, Mons'eur, I tove her still, and man who had never yet trodden a city pavement and who had never-so much as beheld a fashion-ble dame. But he loved Marie—nay, in his quiet, unassuming way he worshiped the girl. So, as he was part friends. Is not that fair and good, Monsieur?"

"I give you my word of honor," said Penrith, but there was no genuine manly ring in his words. Still, Jean Contellier, marry Jean Contellier, while the bob-capped gossips of the St. Emelie Valley wickedness, took Penrith's profered hand, and then rode away to his lonely home in the hills.

Weeks passed and no Walter Penrith came to redeem his promise to a mauly man, or to call back the roses to the fast paling cheeks of pretty Marie Gambier. Weeks stretched away into months, and one morning Marie was missing from ton dress-with the sunlight playing in Jacques Cartier. She had gone away in cleams and flashes upon the bright brown | the night, no one knew whither. No tidings came of Marie, and no city lover came to the sheeked village, or wrote to shield the woman whom he had wronged so deeply that she had gone to seek him

in the far-away city. The snows of winter passed away, and, when the spring flowers were blooming in the old garden, a saddened girl returned tain struck the valley and lifted Marie's to the cottage for the shelter and comfort large, untrimmed straw hat from the refused her in the outside world. The ground, blowing it right under the nose of old gossips talked loudly and often, and

> Soon old Paul Gambier, who had lived through years of respectable poverty, died from sheer loneliness and a deep sense of shame; for he had lived to see disgrace overtake a name known in Jacques Cartier for more than one hundred years.

> Poor Marie was alone in the world now. Alone? No, not quite. There was one who was pitiful-one who loved and pitied, without upbraiding or judging. Jean Coutelier knew of a man whom he

> had sworn to kill on sight, as he would a fox or a skunk, but for Marie, his old love, he retained none but kindly feelings and loving memories.

> I do not know how he managed it. though you may be sure it was with kindly tact and gentle persuasion, but in the face of adverse opinion-public and private-Jean married Marie Gambier and took her as his honored wife to his moun-

Marie was never her old self, but she settled quietly down with honest purpos and endeavor to be a good and faithful wife. And she succeeded-if not to her to love him. Yes, it was no dream or own satisfaction, at least to Jean's, who fancy on the girl's part; she loved Walter treated her with all the native chivalry of his noble nature

So two eventful years passed away.

Jean Contellier's unpretentious home was twelve miles away from Jacques Cartier, away up in the bracing atmosphere of the forest-clad hills. Right in front of the house was a rocky mountain path, which at the distance of a few hundred As for Pennih, he was a man of the yards threaded the verge of a deep gorge

Marie Gambler soon learned to love him-

monotonous life of those quaint folks in the St. Emelie Valley, and yet I believe I was able, while among them, to study a good many phases of human nature and many of the strange workings of human

passions.

Detached from the rest or the village. there used to be, and is now, for aught I knew to the contrary, a long, low, vine-covered house, not much larger than a cottage. An old-fashioned garden, full of the sweet flowers somewhat despised by modern horticulturists, lies all around it, divided from the orchard at the back by a straggling fence and a merry little stream of clear water. The whole place gives one impressions of sweetness and freshness, though hardly of trimness.

They would require, this garden and orchard, the constant care of two strong men to render them as neat as the lawns and flower-beds of city lots, whereas the sole attention they receved, when I knew them, was the very unmethodical care of pretty Marie Gambier. Well, Marie had more important work to do than gardening. She kept house for her father, and for the girl that meant cooking, cleaning, sewing, and sometimes even milking.

Old Paul Gambier was the last of a long Ane of descendants of an ancient Paul Gambier, who had settled in Canada with the first of the French colonists, and although only imperfectly educated he prided himself on the fact that he was a gentleman who had never been obliged to work. It did not occur to him that, bescause he chose to exist upon a pultry three or four hundred dollars a year, a frail and slender wife had been burried to her long rest; nor did be pause to consider that his daughter Marie, instead of being at the convent school and enjoying herself as young girls should, was growing up to succeed her mother as a household drudge and in total ignorance of all the accomplishments usually so dear to young ladies, even in the back townships of the slow French province.

Marie was very simple and very ignorant, but she posses ed pleasant traits of character. All the dogs, cats, cows and thorses in the village knew Marie Gambier, and in their several ways showed their appreciation of her kindly notice of them. Besides, Marie was very pretty, and in

cured for his pretty nurse. I say "more than he should," because it was a foregone conclusion with Walter Penrith that | to reach the pike road in the valley behe would never marry any girl—no matter how good or how beautiful—who was not One a lady by birth and education. Certainly, a French-Canadian peasant girl, who could speak neither his language nor her own correctly, could hardly hope to become Mrs. Penrith. So he toyed and amused himself with Marie, while the girl threw her whole being into her love for be known, but when the time came for Penrith to leave Jacques Cartier he cer-tainly did promise Marie to return soon. And all this time honest Jean Contellier had never uttered one word of complaint of the girl's tre-tment of him. Each Sunday he drove over to the old cottage just the same as ever, only his visits were short, and most of the time was spent in discussing a pipe and local

affairs with Marie's pompous old father. Of course Jean could see how Marie was entirely engrossed in the handsome stranger from the city, and although he said very lttle, he watched him very closely-so closely that when, two months after the accident, the stranger took his departure, Jean met him outside the vil-

"You will come back, Monsieur?" "Yes," replied Penrith, very shortly and coolly-"that is, in a few weeks," "You will marry Marie?"

At first Walter Penrith was disposed to resent what, althou hasked as a question, almost sounded like a command. But as he raised his eyes to those of the sternlooking Frenchman before him he was

compelled to say:
"Yes, I shall marry Marie." "You will pass me your honor, Mon-sleur," persisted Coutellier. "My word is good, sir," replied Penrith.

rather haughtny. "Only your honor is good now, Monsieur, because it is Marie," said Coutellier, with all the stubbornness of his nature. "See, Monsieur Penrith; I, too, love petite Marie, and she was my affiance. You came here, and of a purpose, yes, deliberately, I would say, stole from me her confidence, her trust, her love. For that I have noth-

world; but he undoubtedly grew to care or defile. It was only a narrow path and considerably more than he should have impassable except for persons on foot or horseback. Wagons and other vehicles had to be taken by a more circuitous route

One gray morning in October, Marie-Madame Contellier now-was pacing slowly up and down the porch in front of her husband's cottage. Everything looked melancholy enough up there on the hills. Ominous clouds were sweeping down the mountains in sheets of mist and vapor, and the red leaves hung damp and lifehim. How much he promised will never less on the trees. The sunshine and the summer were gone from nature, as the sunshine and summer of her life had gone from Marie. She looked very sad and old for a girl of twenty-two; for, although she tried sincerely to make her husband happy and to repay him as well as she could for his great love, she found it hard

gorge was particularly deep and danger-ous. He was whistling at his work, and

was apparently happy and contented.

Presently up the track came a horseman. At first only his head was visible to Marie, but, as strangers were rare in that remote neighborhood, she watched him until he was in full view, by which time he was quite close to her husband.

Very keenly she eved him, for his figure seemed familiar. Could it be? Ah, yes; there was only one man just like that in all the world.

Jean recognized Walter Penrith, too and with an oath called upon him to dismount. Penrith refused, and upon Coutellier catching his horse by the bridle, used his riding whip over the Canadian's shoulders, whereat Jean sprang at Penrith and liter-lly dragged him from his horse. Few words were spoken, but many blows were exchanged, and at last they clinched and struggled with arms closely locked. Both men were in imminent dan-ger of falling together into the rock-bound gorge, from the edge of which their feet

were less than twelve inches d stant. No ther of them saw Marie as she stole

rendered extraordinary by excitement, to throw her husband over the precipice. Is was no mistake or slip. It was broad daylight, and the woman had been a specta-

tor of the struggle for several moments. She had perceived that for one or both of the men certain death was close at hand. By interfering, she knew that she could save one of them a terrible fate; so she saved the man she loved, and that man was not her husband. As she had once given up father, home, honor, and peace of mind for the fellow Penrith, who had shown no appreciation of her sacrifice, so for his sake she became a murderess, while he, without a word, mounted his horse and rode quickly away.

Next morning a woman, weary, footsore heartbroken and almost dead, was found lying in the apple orchard, at the back of the old home in Jacques Cartier. Some neighbors picked her up and carried her into a cottage near by, where I attended her and tried to bring her back to life.

But, old as I am at the profession of healing, I have no cure for broken hearts, and in a week we buried poor Marie in a grass-covered grave under one of the large

Even in her last moments the dying girl's thoughts were all of Penrith, for it was from her own lips that I learned the story of Jean Contellier's death-told solely with the object of shielding Penrith from

suspicion and possible punishment.

The strength of her love was Marie Gambier's greatest weakness.

Alligators. The alligator is a strange, unsightly object, living in the swamps and marshes of the warmer parts of America only, for it is not known in other countries, although it resembles the crocodile, which is found in many tropical climes. The alligator is smaller, lives in swamps and marshes, and often basks in the sun on the sands, while the crocodile's element is the water. The back of the alligator is covered with what might be called a coat of mail, for the thick, bony covering looks like plates of metal with points projecting from it. On the under part of the body, however, is the peculiar skin of which pocket-books, slippers, and many useful articles are made.

There is also an oil extracted from them, which burns well in lamps, and the flesh has been used by Indians for

Although they are classed with the family of crocodiles, they differ from them in the formation of their heads, which are smaller and flatter. They live chiefly on fish, but also eat animal food, and at times are fierce, for they have been known to chase and attack men while swimming and bath-

The alligator lays her eggs, twenty and often over that number, in the mud, and leaves them for the heat of the sun to hatch, but keeps constant watch over them to protect them from harm and keep them from being destroyed. The creatures vary in size from three to sixteen or eighteen feet in length, and the tails are nearly if not as long as the bodies. There is great strength in the tails, and it is with them and the partly webbed feet that they propel themselves through the water, and with the tail they easily overturn a cance or small boat.

Many are found in Florida and other parts of the South, and as they lie on the bank of a river, hidden partly by the thick moss and foliage, they look like a log or trunk of a fallen tree, so motionless are they at times.

In the colder weather they are torpid, and appear so lifeless that it seems as if they must be dead, yet when warmed by the sun they very soon regain their animation. They are very curious creatures, and their general aspect not by any means prepossessing. but on examination there is beauty in the peculiarly marked skin and the armor which they wear. - Vick's Magazine.

Religion of the Roumanians. The religion of the Roumanians is a mass of superstitions, which under the name of Christianity dominates their entire existence. Indeed, one author has said: "The whole life of a Wallach is taken up in devising tal smans against the devil." A Roumanian uncovers his head on passing a wayside cross, but he makes an equally deep salutation to the rising sun; he goes to church on Sunday, but it is doubtful whether he does not regard Friday, which is dedicated to Venus, as the holier of the two. The orthodox Roumanian regards any one who buries a corpse without placing a coin in the hand as a pagan. The Roumanian churches, in contrast with the cold, bare-looking churches of the Saxons, present a most attractive appearance, for they are covered with artistic decorations, and are a mass of soft, warm coloring.

"Not a corner," says Mrs. Gerard, but from which starts up some grinning devil, not a nook but reveals some choleric-looking saint, till we feel ourselves to be surrounded by a whole pageant of celestial and diabolical beings, only distinguishable from one another by the respective fashions of their headgear, horns or halo, as the case may be. These horned devils play a very important part in every Ronmanian church, where usually a large portion of the walls is given up to repcould see Jean mending a fence which resentations of the pace of eternal ran along the edge of the path where the punishment. The poor Roumanian punishment. The poor Roumanian peasant, whose life is often so wretched and struggling as hardly to deserve that name, seems to derive considerable consolation from anticipation of the day when the tables are to be turned and the hitherto despised poor shall receive an eternal crown."-New York Sun.

Resenting an Insult.

Robinson-Jackson, I hear that Brown called you a liar last night. Jackson-(bitterly) Yes, he called

Robinson-And didn't you resent

Jackson (warmly)—Resent it? You bet I did! I told him that was simply a matter of opinion and not of fact. No man can call me a liar and get away with it .- Life.

Genius Its Own Reward.

Tom-Why, is it possible that that is Smith coming toward us! How np, drawn by some irresistible impulse. Is Smith coming toward us! How But as, for an instant, they loosened their changed he is. Has he taken to drink?

SACRED DANCE SEEN IN JAPAN.

Young Priestesses Conduct the Ceremony Old, Historic Dress.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Fron Kasuga gate the upper avenue of lanterns leads the way to the Wakamiya shrine, dedicated to the early gods of the Shinto religion. Here the old castom of the sacred dance is kept up, and a group of young priestesses are in waiting to repeat the measures d seed by Uzume before the sun goddess' cave in prehistoric times. The little priestesses are all between the ages of 9 and 12, as timid, gentle and harmless little things as the deer that often stray in and watch them. Their dress is the old, old costame of the imperial court, a pictures que lower garment or divided skirt of the brightest cardinal red silk, that half covers the white kimono, with square sleeves and pointed neck, filled up high with afternate folds of red and white. When they dance they wear over this loose kimonos of white gauze, painted with the wistaria crest of the Kasuga temple, the front of the gauzy garment half covering the red skirt, and the back pieces trailing on the mats. Their faces are plastered so thickly with white paint that they lose all expression, and, following the old fashion. their eyebrows are shaved, and two tlny black spots high up in the middle of their foreheads take their place. With lips heavily rouged, the countenance is more a mask than anything human. The hair is gathered together at the back of the neck and tied with loops of gold paper, and then, folded in soft white paper, allowed to hang down the back. Long hairpins, with clusters of wistaria and red camellia, are thrust across the top of the head, and fastened so that they stand out like horns over the forehead. In detail the costume is not pretty, but in its general effect it is singularly bright and picturesque.

One can have as many priestesses and as long a dance as he will pay for, and as soon as the money is handed over the two priests get into their ceremonial white gowns and high black hats, and, sitting before the ancient drams, chant, pound, and blow on doleful pipes an accompaniment for the little dancers. The sacred dance is solemn enough, and each dancer has a fan and a bunch of bells, from which hang long strips of bright-colored silks. They advance, retreat, gli le to right and left, raise their fans, shake their sacred baby rattles, and with few changes in the measure repeat the same figures and movements for a certain length of time. If one pays more money they continue repeating the same thing, and the priests can wail the endless accompaniment by the hour. To as the dance is simply a curious and picturesque custom, but one should see the faces of the devout old pilgrims, who have hoarded up their money for months and often years for the trip, to know something of what it | if he doesn't. means to them. It is really pathetic to see their faces glowing and their eyes almost filled with tears at their satisfaction with the fine spectacle that is so rare an event in their lives, and which crowns their summer pilgrimage to the old shrines of their faith.

Cooking a Husband.

"In selecting your husband you

should not be guided by a silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him: the lest are always brought to your door; and even then it is far better to have none unless you patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of finest porcelain is best; but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin it will do, with care. See that the linen you wrap him in is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called 'comfort,' as the one called duty is apt to be too weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle or be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you must cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar, in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very diges ible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless, or set him in too cold a place. "As the cook is responsible for the

kird of meals we have, so I believe that the wife is responsible for the kind of a husband she has to spend her days with. Home should be a woman's heaven in this world, and if she, by her continued scolding, fault-finding and gos: iping household secrets to the outside world, turns her heaven into a hell, who is responsible but the wife and mother?"-Mrs. C., in National Stockman.

Safe to Employ.

Bank Official-You say you would like a position as cashier? Applicant-Yes. B. O .- Do you belong in the city? A .- No, I've come from Canada.

B. O .- Is that your native place? A .- Yes.

B. O. - Why did you leave it? A .- My doctor's advice. B. O .- Climate too severe? A.—Yes.

B. O.-Ever intend to go back? A .- Never - it would be certain

B. O .- Eureka! You are just the man we want. Report in the morning and be installed as cashier. - Yankee

THE oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut near the foot of the mountains lived a strapping young her trust, her love. For that I have nother the mountains lived a strapping young her trust, her love. For that I have nother held upon each other, she stepped behind them and deliberately used her strength, for a living.—Yankee Blade main trunk is 212 feet.

FRESH FROM THE BURRS.

THE storm-king, strange to say, never holds the rains when he is driving .-Time.

JENKENS writes to his girl in the apartment house as his suite heart,-

Boston Commercial Bulletin. "I DID not think you would be so hard with me," exclaimed the shark. when he bit the anchor .- Ocean.

What long legs the man must have who can attend to his business with one foot in the grave. - Atchison Globe.

A MACHINE for pressing hops has been invented. America is the home of the hop-pressed.-Texas Siftings. THE novelty of having a baby in the

house is like the trade mark on a cake of soap; it soon wears off .- Atchison Weekly Globe. LECTURES on the North Pole are generally slow. The speaker does not

seem able to warm up to the subject. -New Orleans Picayune. "Physician, heal thyself!" is an injunction promulgated centuries ago,

and now some of the older practitioners are pretty well heeled .- Idea. THERE never was a day, even in New

England, so fine and beautiful that some one couldn't spoil it with a wretched pun. - Somerville Journal. LAWYER (to little boy)-Where did

on learn to tell such outrageous lies? Boy-I passed your office one day when the window was open. - Arcola Record. THEY were talking about the Atlan-

tic cable. "It reminds me of a good egg," he said. "A good egg?" "Why, yes; being so successfully laid."-"Carrie" writes to know "What is

the most attractive way of wearing the hair?" On the head, Carrie; and be sure it is pinned tight .- Burlington Free Press. HE-How beautiful Miss Arrow-

smith's back hair is! She-Yes. Much prettier than her front hair. I wonder she didn't get it all at the same place. -Harper's Bazar.

REMERANDT SHITH-Hello, old fellow, how are you prospering? Painting many portraits now? Velanquez Jones -Well, yes; I'm getting a head pretty well nowadays. - Boston Post.

A GUEST at a Western hotel raised a row because there was no cover on his bed and he, wouldn't be quiet until the landlord was compelled to cover him with a revolver. - Washington Post.

Edison has no doubt got a good thing in h's phonograph, but we can nam : a dozen women off-h and who can give it twenty-five minutes' start and discount it without a stop. - Deroit Free Press.

As experienced person says that when a young man attempts to kiss his girl, and she says "Don't," that is the time he should "Don't" -several times, if not more. She will not be pleased

"I HOPE you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a larg-hearted, generous girl." "I do, sir" (with emotion); "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."-Life.

MR. BIBBER (next morning)-O! my head! It is a wonder that a man will put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. Mrs. Bibber-If that's what you did it for, Bibber, I think the enemy got badly left.-Terre Haute

Express. Quevedo-I see the savants are about to investigate the causes of yelow fever in the South. Miss Foote Chicago) -How noble! But I don't remember to have met them. Are they North Side family?-Philadelph a

A FASHION writer tells how a woman may make herself look tall or short at will by regulating the waist of her dress. She will not look short if she wears a long waist; but it may have been noticed that big waste in woman

has made husbands look "short." London, with a population of over 5,000,000, has a death rate of 15.1 per 1,000 inhabitants, while the death rate of New York, with a population less than 2,000,000, is nearly double those figures. But there are no bobtail street cars in London.-Norristown

HERBERT-Really, Miss Edith, I am very sorry I kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of tem-porary insanity. Miss Edith (pityingy)-If you ever feel any more such attacks coming on you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you.-

"Can you tell me where the automaton chess player is?" asked a gentleman of an attendant at the Centennial Exposition. "Do yez-mane the figger that plays games by itself an' yez can't see anybody workin' it?" "Yes, that's what I mean." "Well, ye'd beether wait a bit. He's gone out to dinner now."-Merchant Traveler.

WISDOM IN DISTICHS.

Wisely a woman prefers a lover to a man wl neglects her. This one may love her some day, some day the

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going.

When they seem going they come-Diplomats, women and crabs.

Pleasures too hastily tasted grow sweeter in fond r collection.

As the pomegranate plucked green ripens far over the sea.

As the meek beasts in the garden came flocking for Adam to name them. Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a king. What is a first love for, except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

—Nebraska State Journal.

An Observant Youngster.

On a summer morning our little Lillie was walking with her aunt, and discovered a spider's web. She was de-lighted, and exclaimed, "Oh, see! here is a hammock for bugs,"-Christian Advocate.

THE baton used by conductors of concerts is said to have been introduced into England by Spohr in 1820.

ONE pound of seed will yield about 10,000 asparagus stalks.